

not in hand

HONOURS INVITATION,

OR

A Call to the Camp.

WHEREIN

The Triumphant Genius of Great Brittain
by a Poetical Alarm

AWAKENS

The Youth of the three Nations, to Generous Attempts,
for the Glory of their Countrey :

With a Prospect of the present Gallant
Campagne on Black-Heath.

Written by a young Gentleman of Quality now in the Service;

Dignos Laude Viros Musa detabit Mori :

L O N D O N

Printed by H.B. for John Clark at the Harp and Bible
in West-Smithfield. 1673.

*read by
John John John*

HONOR INVITATION

A Call to the Camp

W. H. R. E. A. C.

The Triumphant Genius of Great Britain
by a Poetical Alumn

A. W. A. R. E. C.

The Youth of the three Kingdoms to Generous Actions
for the Glory of their Country

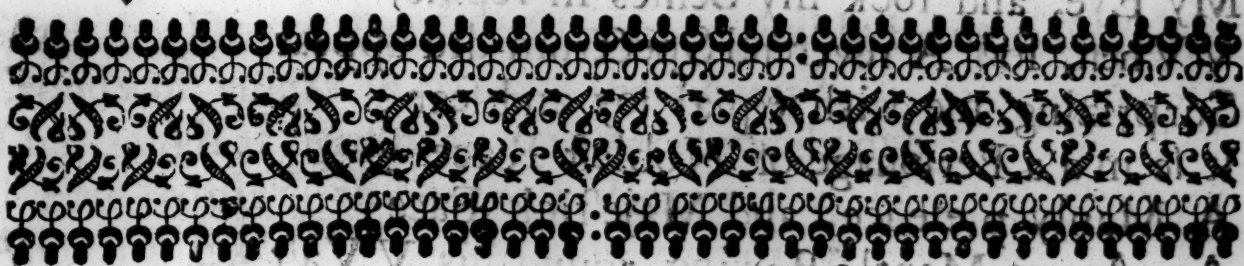
With a Prospect of the present
Campaign on Black-Horn

Written by a young Gentleman of Quality in the Army

By the same Author

LONDON

Printed by H. E. for John Clarke the Harp and Bible
in West-Smithfield 1813



HONOURS INVITATION

OR

A Call to the Camp, &c

BRED by fond Mothers too Indulgent Care,
My vainer life spun on its thirtieth Year:
Charm'd with the Poysonous sweets of barren Ease,
And all the luxuries of wanton Peace;
To duell Rampant *miss* on a soft Bed

Hector the watch, or break a Drawers Head
To drown a younger Brother in a Look
Kick a poor Lacquey, or berogue a Cook
Top a small crew of Tenants that dare Stir
In no language, but, *please your Worship Sir,*
To chase the Stag, and now and then pursue
The timorous Hare, were all the Warrs I knew;
When drunk ore night with generous Burgundy
I thought (as Gallants use) to sleep all Sunday

A 2

But

But scarce could *Morpheus* leaden plumes close
 My Eye, and lock my Senses in repose,
VWhen, lo! A reverend Spectrum did appear
 Surprizing me with equal joy and fear;
 It seem'd a Personage of Noblest Race
 A Manly presence, and Majestick Face
 An Azure Mantle flowing round his **V**Vast
 And his strong hands with *Neptunes* Trident Grac'd
 Three Crowns he bore, and under them his Brow
 Circled with Laurels fresh pluck't from the Bough.
 I gaz'd a while, till it approacht more near
 And thus (with voyce like Thunder) peirc'd my ear
VVilt thou, Degenerous Youth! Ignobly Blot
 The Trophies which thy Ancestors have Got?
 Prove them the Sires of a spurious Race?
 Ore'turn their Statues, and their Tombs Deface;
 Forfeit thole Honours which they left to thee
 By sleeping in a senceless Lethargy?
 Now, when each Noble Soul, greedy of Fame
 Feels his brest glowing with a generous Flame
VWhen Sceens of blood on neighbouring shores appear
 And furious *Mars* sways all our Hemisphear;
VVilt thou alone, stupidly drown'd, prefer
 Sordid delights to the Glory of the warr?
 Decline that Road of Honour which Displays
 To every daring hand a wreath of Bays }
 And in a wretched sloth consume thy days? }
 Can the poor yelpings of a deep-mouth'd Hound
 Vye Musick with the warlike Trumpets Sound?
 Or faint Applauses of a Horse race won
 (**V**When sprightly *Sorrel* out-flew nimble *Dun*)
 Equal thole Acclamations that are sent
 In Volles to the Ecchoing Firmament?
VWhich every Victor justly calls his own?
 For Kingdoms conquer'd, and proud States ore-thrown?
 Shall Troops of *Heroes* from all parts resort,
 That quit the softer pleasures of the Court?

Charge death ith face, and forward still Aspire
 Through midst of dangers swift as Heavens Fire?
 Shall the Drums Rattling Summons nimbly bring
 Crouds of vulgar in, to serve their King?
 That laugh at hardships, and dare bravely dye,
 If Fate requir't, to purchase Victory?
 And their Example neither move thy spirit
 Nor Emulation of the others merit?
 VVhat drowfie *Opium* has possess't thy Brain
 Dull soul! That all these Joggins are in Vain?
 For shame at last awake lest it be said
 Your courage does not slumber, but is dead;
 From befo. e paltry *Beauties* raise your seige
 VVho thinks by feign'd resistance to oblige
 Nor let the kinder Ladies tempting Charms
 Confine you still to their enfeebling Arms:
 (VVhen Fate turn'd prodigal, freely affords)
 The Destinies of Nations to your swords.
 Let mighty cities be your Mistresses
 VVhose dowry brings the spoils of Provinces;
 Level their prouder walls, and let it be
 A doubt hereafter to Posterity
 When only shatter'd Monuments they view
 Whether *Joves* thunder hath been there, or you;
 The e are atcheivments fitting to be done
 By each dares call himself stout *Englands* son.
 As a brave courser standing on the sand
 Of some swelling Sea-channel views a land
 Smiling with sweets upon the distant side
 Garnish in natures best Embroider'd pride
 Larded with springs, and fring'd with curled woods
 Impatient bounces into the capering floods
 Bigg with a nobler fury than that stream
 Of shallow violence he meets in them
 Thence arm'd with scorn and courage ploughs a way
 Through the Impostum'd Billows of the sea
 And makes the grumbling surges, slaves to Oar
 And waft him safely to the further shoar

Where landed in a sovereign disdain
 He turning back surveys the foaming main
 Whilst the subjected waters, flowing, reel
 Ambitious yet to kiss their Conq'rours heel.
 At such a generous rate shouldst thou engage,
 In the grand Expedition of our age,
 " Thy active soul in gallant fury hurl'd
 " To club with all the *Worthies* of the world
 Then rouse at last from this Lethargick dream
 And let Heroick actions be thy theme.
 No more to base Effeminate follies yield
 Thy countreys **GENIUS** calls thee to the field!
 No sooner these last Accents had I heard
 But streight the glorious vision disappear'd;
 And round about methoughts a glittering ray
 Was spread, creating in my soul new day.
 As *Cæsar* once on banks of *Rubicon*
 Stood shivering and scarce durst venture on,
 Till lucky Dæmon by a signal chance
 Becken'd him on and made his Troops advance,
 So I confirm'd by this good Omen found
 Those mists exhal'd which had my courage drown'd.
 Blushing I rise, and to the Eastwards spy
 As brave a sight as ever courted eye.
 Encamp'd there lay upon a spreading plain
 Of sprightly warlike youths a numerous train;
 Drest in such arms as those wherewith *Mars* lays
 Worlds waste, and new ones from their dust can raise;
 Led by a Chief whose valorous fervour can
 Hatch him whom nature broach'd but half a man,
 Whose trumpets, like the Angels at the last
 Make the soul rise by a miraculous blast
 Were the mount *Athos* carv'd in shape of man
 (As fancied by the *Macedonian*)
 Whose right hand should a populous land contain
 And the left be a channel to the Main
 His spirit might inform so vast a figure
 Yet still streight lac'd sweat for dominion bigger

Like

(7)

Under this sun a thousand sparks bare place
Like starrs, Honours bright Firmament to Grace
Whilst common Souldiers from their Tents arise
As small *Sporad's* to Beautify the Skies.

Ah Glorious Art of war I cry'd! from whence
All Honour and all Power did first Commence,
By which the Grandeur of each state doth grow
And unto which Nations their safety owe,
Henceforth my *Mistress* thou alone shalt be
And all my strength I consecrate to thee,
Hence then you gay diversions of the Town
Your bubling vanities I must disown,
Morning long sleeps adieu, let sordid Ease
Silken Buffoons, and painted Peacocks please,
Whose labouring souls being stifled with Excess
Scarce keep from stench their rotten Carcasses,
Whilst I mid'st blood and sweat and toils of war
Through storms, cold, hunger, and many a scar,
Pursue my Fate, resolved thus to have
An Honour'd Life, or else a Noble Grave.

With Allowance, June 21. 1673.

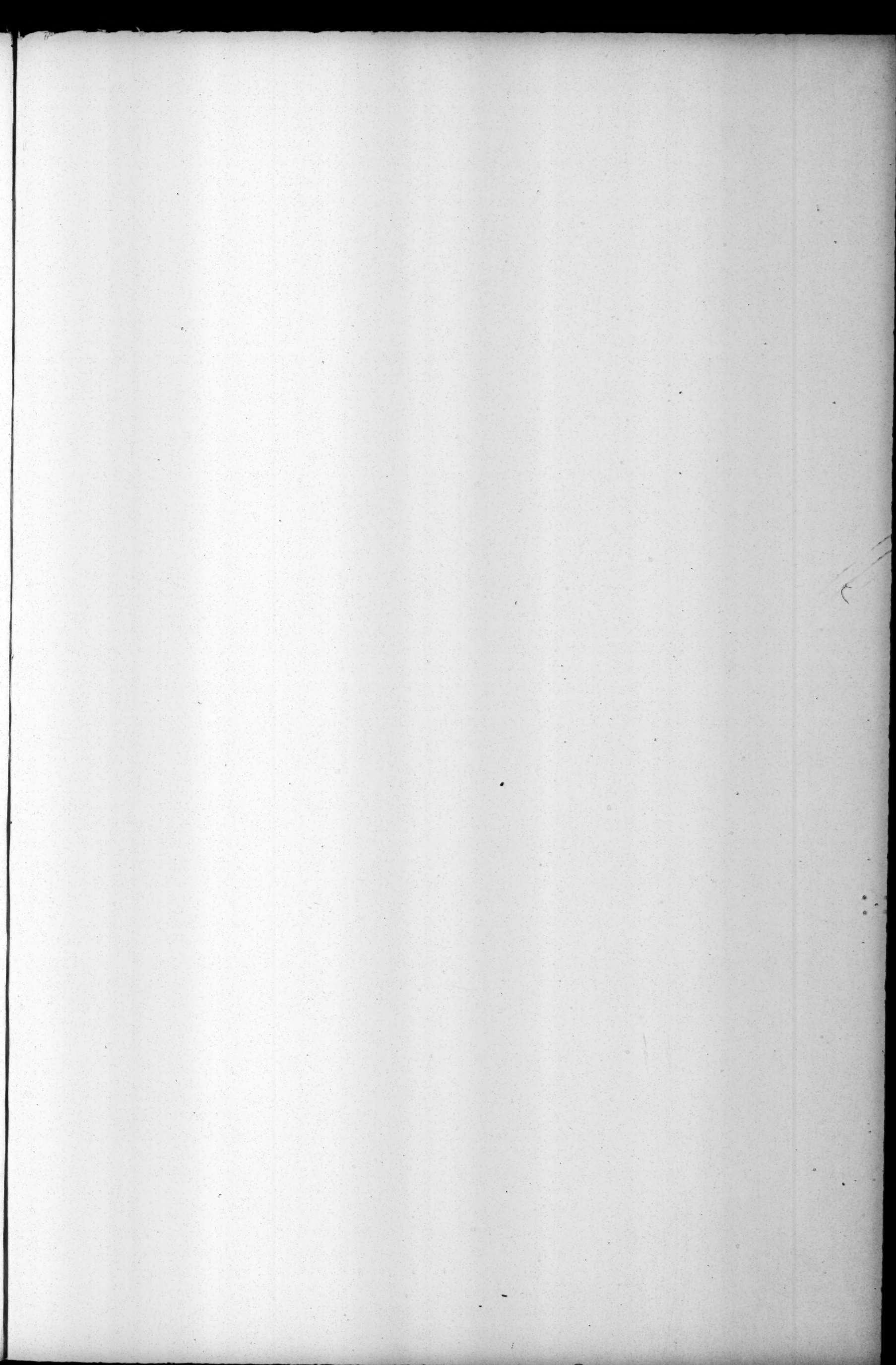
FINIS.

Under this sun a thousand parks & a place
 Like stars, how bright firmament to Grace
 While common soldiers from their tents arise
 As if a sun to burn the Skies
 Ah Glorious Art of war! I cry'd! from whence
 All Honour and all Power did first commence
 By which the Grandeur of each state doth grow
 And unto which Nations their safety owe
 Henceforth my Mistress! then alone shall be
 And all my strength I consecrate to thee
 Hence then you gay divisions of the Town
 Your dabling vanities I must disown
 Morning long sleeps adieu, let sordid Ease
 Shaken Bottoms, and painted Peacocks please
 Whole labouring souls being lifted with Excess
 Scarce keep from flesh the rotten Carcases
 Whilst I trail blood and sweat and coils of war
 Through storms, cold, hunger, and many a tear
 Pursue my Fate, resolved thus to have
 An Honour'd Life, or else a Noble Grave.

Wm. Allwance, June 21. 1673.

FINIS.





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